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Adelphian

Cornelian

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State Normal Magazine

Vol. 17

JANUARY, 1913

No. 4

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To the New Year

May McQueen, '14, Adelphian

“Ring out the old, ring in the new,”
The old now passing from our view,
The new whose days rich blessings hold,
With promise to redeem the old.

Mourn not its wrongs, the year now past;
The new for you a sweet balm hast.
Think not of deeds thou should'st have wrought,
The new its waiting needs has brought.

As snow upon the hills so white,
As bells that chime this clear midnight,
So pure and fresh the year's new scroll,
So chimes its blessings yet unfold.

Ring not the old, ring but the new,
Farewell the false, all hail the true;
The darkness passes with the night;
With morning dawns the clearer light.



State Normal Magazine

VOL. XVII

GREENSBORO, N. C., JANUARY, 1913

No. 4

The Origin of the New Year

Hazel L. Black, '13, Cornelian

Long, long ago, thousands of years before the Christ child came to earth to live in the hearts of men and to make them mild and gentle, angels came from that far away land every day to guide and direct them as best they could. Especially did these fair visitors watch over the lives of the little children, but as all men were children to them, all received their care and attention.

Late one afternoon three of these white-robed figures poised on a bit of fleecy cloud and looked back on the earth which they had just left. With their clear and shining eyes they could see the whole world distinctly, and what a pitiful sight they saw! There the earth lay in all of its beauty just as it had been created. But just that was the trouble. Things had been the same for so long that they had palled—one tree would half-heartedly send out buds while another was just as languidly letting its leaves fall; the streams ran sluggishly as if it did not matter if they ever reached the ocean; and the dull, joyless cheep of the little birds joining in with the low, slow moan of the wind and ocean, made the youngest of that fair triad on the cloudy-rest shudder. There seemed to be no incentive to new action; dull repetition had made all nature become inert and weary. But saddest of all sights was that of the mortals creeping about. On each face sat a look of indescribable weariness grown out of monotony and not from work, a lack of hopefulness that was indeed pitiful. There were no springing footsteps and no happy wishes for the morrow. Every one plodded wearily to his

home and rest. A wind sweeping up by the cloud brought a long shivering sigh on its wings. The second angel joined in the shudder of the first and both broke out together:

“Oh Brother, what must be done for the poor earth? Surely we must not let things go on any longer as they have! The plans of the great Creator must have all gone wrong, for mankind enjoys no longer.”

The taller and older angel was silent for a while, then answered sadly:

“Brothers, I know not what can be done. It seemed in the beginning as if the Great Father had given the world everything that could make it happy,—the bright skies, the sunshine, the birds, the trees, the flowers, and men—everything was supposed to complete the happiness of everything else. And yet, each has become tired of the other and of the same thing. ‘There is nothing new under the sun,’ they cry and long for death rather than new life. What will put new joy in their lives I know not as I have said.”

With troubled and sad eyes he stood silently looking downward, his white wings quivering with yearning, longing for that far-off land. Suddenly a quicker and brisker wind than they had felt blow from earth for a long time, fanned their cheeks and in astonishment they heard a clear young voice whisper:

“Look, baby dear, at that bright cloud yonder. Isn’t it beautiful? Oh love, how beautiful everything is since you have come!”

The three leaned forward eagerly to see from whence this voice came. Their wings rustled with glad joy and gave off sparkles of light. Again they heard the strangely joyous voice saying:

“See, dear, how wonderfully bright that little cloud has become. Surely life is good today!”

Following her voice the three saw down by a little cottage door a slender pale-faced mother leaning weakly against the house with a rosy-cheeked, golden-haired child in her arms, pointing upward to the very cloud they were resting on. At just that moment a tottering old woman, bent and bowed, hobbled up by the aid of a stout stick. The baby

looked at the wrinkled old face, then cooed and held out its chubby little hands. A wave of astonishment passed over her countenance, followed quickly by a wavering tender smile that transformed its set, disconsolate look. For a moment all three faces were lighted with an almost divine light.

The angels all three bowed their heads and trailed their great wings as if the sight was holy.

Finally with one accord the younger two looked up and spake again:

“Brother, this means—”

But the look on the other’s face stopped them. A dreadful shadow had passed over his shining features, their fair shapes were marred with conflicting emotions, and no one seeing only his countenance could have dreamed that he belonged to the shining hosts of light.

“I cannot,” he moaned, “I cannot.”

At last the quivering ceased and after a short silence, the great voice whispered:

“I can, and for my King, I will.”

And then those two who had known him best saw a radiance and glory suffuse his face such as they had never seen about him before—a burning light that dazzled and sparkled on his great wings till they hid their eyes. Quietly they waited till he spoke with tremulous voice:

“Brothers, I have found their deliverance. Come—I will show you.”

With a last look at the now sleeping earth the three rose on their great wings and floated gently upward. Soon they were walking on the tender young grass under the broad spreading trees of the softly lighted holy lands. Wondering much what had caused the struggle they had seen the elder brother have, and what part he was to have in the deliverance of the world, the two younger brothers softly followed his lead.

As they drew near the center of the kingdom they heard the shout of children’s voices and looking forward they saw the great band of angel children, who watched eagerly every night for the return of the elder brother, running forward happily to meet them, for he was the most loved and honored

of all of that happy company. With shouts of glee the children wrapped the garlands of flowers, that they carried, about him while he talked to them tenderly and lovingly. At last at a nod of his head, the children caught each other's hands and went down the hill singing.

The tall person's eyes, full of love and gentle sorrow, followed them for a while, then he turned to his companions and said:

"They will deliver the earth from its sadness—they will give new life and joy to all the world. Is it not so, my friends; is that not the answer?"

Aghast the two looked at him. "To think that he would suggest the sending of those gentle, loving little creatures—the pride and joy of that blessed land—to that sorrowful and rough earth," they thought.

"Oh, Brother, what could they do there?" they cried. "Why send them? Could not we older ones do the work and not take the brightest treasures away from this fair land?"

The wise, tender eyes smiled at their eager questioning and the voice gently replied:

"Nay, Brothers, you could not do their work. Nothing but the pure heart of a little child can lead those mortal men below to look forward happily to the future, to act nobly and to love truly and unselfishly. Did we not see that just a little while ago? All of them shall not go at once, just one. And he with strange new gifts shall wrap the people's hearts about him so that they will forget the black and cruel past and look forward eagerly to see what new thing he has in store. A lovely unseen child angel whose joyous spirit shall surround all men and whom everyone shall unconsciously worship and adore. Oh, Brothers, do you not almost envy the world this beautiful thing we are planning for them?"

"But why must he come back and another be sent?"

A shadow fell upon the radiant face again as he answered:

"Because there are some men whose souls are so clouded that they cannot love even a little child and since every one shall carry different gifts and joys, maybe one of them

can succeed in beguiling some men into forgetting and loving whom none of the others could move. Brothers, I must away and see the Great Master about this at once.”

And so it happened that one of the most beautiful of the little angel children was sent to earth with many mysterious bundles and packages. And a strange sleep fell upon the men on earth and a kind voice told them to forget the past with its blots and stains and to start anew and live a pure and noble life with the little child that had come to them. And the men waked up and wondered what manner of dream this was and waited eagerly for the next day to see what could come to them. That day was so pleasant that they wondered if the next could be so; they found themselves looking to it; and so on through the next twelve months, which seemed so strangely short. Then that strange sleep came upon them again and the same kind voice told them that the little child who had been with them had grown weary and tired and that he was going to leave them, but that a still more beautiful child should come to them in his place.

At first there were loud lamentations and much grief over the loss of the dear friend, but when they saw that the new one really did bring more pleasant surprises and that it was easier to live with him—he who knew not one blot of the past—they were more willing at the end of the next twelve months to give him up and welcome the new one.

And so from that time on man has looked forward to the new angel or “new year” as they learned to call him who would know none of their old faults and failings and with whom they could start a fresh new life.

Sonnet

Carey Wilson, '15, Cornelian

The mystery of the human mind is vast

Beyond our knowing, yet it seems that men
Go delving in the future and the past

To search for facts that lie beyond their ken.
And in their searchings deep for knowledge new

They have discovered that our thoughts but flit
Across our brains as elves across the dew

In moonlight, leaving scarce a print upon it.
Whene'er this knowledge comes to me afresh

That each fair thought of mine through all the years
Is lost, I grieve till somewhere from the mesh

Of consciousness, a little thought appears,
To whisper soft, "There are ten thousand ways
In which to think, 'The world is beautiful!'" "

The Cherokee Indians of North Carolina

Florence Hildebrand, '13, Adelphian

Long before Ribault stirred England with his description of a new country, long before the "big birds with their cargo of pale-faced gods" landed off the coast of Jamestown and long before Sir Walter Raleigh made his attempts at settlements on Roanoke Island, there roamed the woods of North Carolina a dusky chestnut-colored race of people called the Cherokee Indians. These children of nature knew nothing of the artificiality of civilization, but care-free spent the day in the labor of their choice; the night, in sound sleep undisturbed by the roaring and rumbling of the world's engines of transportation. The call of the night owl or some other of nature's creatures was the only sound to break the stillness save when the well known war whoop announced the arrival of the enemy and bade each sleeping savage seize his bow and arrow in order to defend himself. Year after year passed before the white man planted his foot on the soil of these unrestrained possessors; but once here, only a short while elapsed before he had gradually crowded them back in a small corner of the once extensive hunting ground. It is to be greatly regretted that this unique type of humanity has left no account of its deeds of valor other than that preserved by tradition and that traced out in the relics which remain. Even their very name has two or more interpretations. One old Indian relates that "cherokee" is derived from the Indian word 'cheera', signifying fire, and indicating the lower heaven in which they believed. Another, who does not remember from whence the name has its derivation, gives as its meaning "upland fields," and says that it has reference to their country.

For a long time this race of people has been a puzzling factor to students of ethnology, as it was doubted whether they should be considered an abnormal offshoot from one of the well known stocks, or the remnant of some well-nigh extinct family. Linguists now are of the opinion that the

language is an outgrowth of the Iroquois. This fact's being established naturally leads to an investigation in this line in order to firmly establish their origin. When first known these people were living in the mountain region of the south-east corner of what is now Tennessee, the southwest portion of North Carolina, and in northern Georgia. The first mention of them, found in the chronicles of De Soto's expedition, speaks of them as the "Chelaques" or "Achelaques". These records locate them somewhere about the headwaters of the Savannah River. In this section, presumably in North Carolina, John Lederer encountered them during his visit to the continent in 1669-1670, for it is reasonably sure he alludes to them when speaking of the "Apalatian" Mountains. Haywood states that they were firmly established in the Alleghany Mountains and had dominion over the headwaters of the Yadkin, Catawba, and French Broad Rivers before 1650, and his statement is very plausible since, when in 1756, the English built Fort Dobbs on the Yadkin, they obtained permission from the Cherokee chief, "Atacullaculla".

Tradition in regard to the Cherokee migration corroborates the statement of a descent from the Iroquois. Haywood says:

"The Cherokees had an oration in which was contained the history of their migration. This stated that they came from the upper part of the Ohio, where they erected mounds on Grave Creek, and removed hither from the country where Monticello is situated." This tradition, handed down from father to son, was annually proclaimed at the national festival of the orators. This reference to mounds causes us to consider two North Carolina mounds, descriptions of which appeared in the Charlotte Observer, October 25th, 1878.

Mound number one is located near Franklin, in Macon County, in a beautiful, verdant, level valley about a half mile wide. It resembles a fortification when seen from the distance, but on nearer inspection proves to be a cone-shaped mound flattened on top and ascending at an angle of about sixty degrees. The base, which is circular, is about one hundred feet in diameter and the height is nearly thirty. The eastern slope of the mound, which rises more gradually than

does the western, is supposed to have been the way of ascent to the flat top, covered by a luxuriant sod of blue grass, through the center of which some years previous an eight-foot trench was dug in the hope of finding ancient relics. However, the only things found were an earthen pot, a few fragments of broken pottery and some pieces of human bones scattered in the sand.

The second mound found in the magnificent valley of "Valley River," is about fifty miles west of Franklin. This mound is similar in construction and material to the first, but is not nearly so large. A trench has been dug through this one too, with the same result as the other. As is always the case where written record is not kept, it is now impossible to interpret the use and meaning of these mounds. Some of the present Cherokees hold that they were used as an assembling place for the ceremony of the corn feast which occurred in the season when corn was coming into roasting ears. No one was allowed to use the corn until there was enough for all. Then, each family, taking one basket full of green corn and one of soil, put out their fires and repaired to the mound for the "free corn festival". There the soil was evenly spread on the top of the mound and the Medicine Man made a fire by rubbing sticks together. While the corn roasted, they all danced and frolicked, after which each family went back to its wigwam carrying the chunk of fire that was to last until the next festival. Others of the tribe interpret the mounds as places where the sun worshippers paid homage to their god. They attribute the gently rising eastern slope to the devotee's desire to face in his ascent the sun setting behind the western hill.

In addition to the agreement in sound between the language of the Cherokee and Iroquois nations, the tradition of the Cherokee which refers to the upper region of the Ohio as their home, and the testimony contained in the similarity of the mounds now extant, there is one other argument set forth by Bishop Ettwein. He says that the last of the Cherokees were driven from the upper Ohio about the year 1700 and that these were thought to have moved northwest to join those whom they said had gone before them. Thus

evidence and tradition lead us to the conclusion that the Cherokees are a branch of the Iroquois tribe.

One of the earliest descriptions of these Indians which we now have is that written by Thomas Ash in 1682, at which time he wrote from personal observation:

“The Natives of the Country are from time immemorial aboriginal Indians, of a deep chestnut Colour, their Hair black and straight, tied various ways, sometimes oyl’d and painted, stuck through with Feathers for Ornaments or Gallantry; their Eyes black and sparkling, little or no Hair on their chins, well limb’d and feathered, painting their faces with different Figures of a red or sanguine Colour, whether for beauty or to render themselves formidable to their enemies, I could not learn. They are excellent Hunters; their Weapons, the Bow and Arrow, made of a Reed pointed with sharp Stones or Fish-Bones; their Clothing, Skins of the Bear and Deer, the Skin drest after their country Fashion.” This description, though rather crude and incoherent, tallies with the one given later by Mr. Bartram. He speaks of them as being tall, erect, moderately robust and well shaped; with an open, dignified, placid countenance, and a forehead and brow so formed as to strike you instantly with heroism and bravery.

How like the good citizen of today in disposition and manner is the red man of the seventeenth century. He was grave and steady, circumspect and dignified in his deportment; rather slow and reserved in conversation; preferring to weigh well his thoughts and acts. He was candid, frank and humane; yet when he thought his liberties encroached upon he would sacrifice all pleasure, and self, if need be, in defence of territory or right.

War was as common among them as an ordinary daily occupation. In fact the men of the tribe looked on war as their work and were rarely ever caught doing anything as effeminate as tilling the soil. In 1730, when the whites were trying to make peace between the Cherokees and Tuscaroras, a noted old Cherokee leader astonished them with the statement:

“We cannot live without war; should we make peace with the Tuscaroras and the tribe of Cherokees with whom we are

at war, we must immediately look out for some other with whom we can be engaged in our beloved occupation." War was an instinct with them and to it they looked as a means of livelihood as well as a mere pastime.

The Cherokee men when not engaged in warfare, spent the greater part of their time fishing—in which art they were skilled. Dr. Brickell says he was very much amused to see how well they used the fishgigs, made of reed or hollow canes. These they made sharp and tapering, very much like a harpoon. Provided with these weapons, they waded up and down the edges of the river and creeks, striking all the fish they happened on within the water whose depth did not exceed five or six feet. Another method of fishing is given by Lawson, who states that the Indian boys, supplied with pine torches, bows and arrows, would visit the shallow streams after dark. While the one held the light, so as to reveal the fish, the other would aim and shoot. In this manner a great many of the smaller fishes were killed. Another pursuit of the Cherokee was agriculture, which mainly consisted in the growth of a small patch of maize. This grain was considered by them a gift from the author of life and never at any time did they waste either the grain or cob. They had three kinds of maize,—the first was small and matured in six weeks; the second was yellow and flinty and was called "hommony corn"; and the third, which had a large, white and soft grain, was called "bread corn". The planting and cultivation of this as well as its preparation for food was left exclusively to the women.

Judging from the simplicity of the lives of these children of the woods a very rude and unattractive dwelling would very naturally be expected. Lawson's description of the Carolina wigwams is perhaps the best and most interesting on record:

"These savages live in wigwams or cabins built of Bark, which are made round like an Oven, to prevent any Damage by hard Gales of Wind. They make the fire in the Middle of the House, and have a Hole at the Top of the Roof right above the Fire, to let out the smoke. These Dwellings are as hot at Stoves, where the Indians sleep and sweat all night.

The Floors thereof are never paved nor swept, so that they have always a loose Earth on them. They are often troubled with a multitude of Fleas, especially near the Places where they dress their Deer-Skins, because their Hair harbors them; yet I never felt any ill unsavory smell in their Cabins, which confirms that they really are some of the sweetest People in the World."

Presiding over this wigwam home we find a squaw who has never marched up to the altar to the strains of Mendelssohn, and promised to love, cherish and obey; the only bond which bound her was love. Either party had a right to separate from the other whenever caprice led them to do so. However, in case of a separation, the wife had the right to keep the children and bring them up in the manner she chose. Divorces, or rather separation, were and are very rare, for in general they usually get over their differences and reunite.

Some have held that the Carolina Cherokees were idol worshippers; investigation proves that the sun was the object of their worship. It was regarded as a symbol of the purity and beneficence of the great Spirit; a symbol of the power of the One who gave and took at his own pleasure. Fire, they venerated, thinking that it emanated from the sun, hence the custom of smoking the pipe when in council or when a treaty of peace was made. They were also very apprehensive of visions, dreams, and evil influences. All diseases were supposedly evil spirits which the conjurer or medicine man might be able to rid them of, by incantations, mysterious charms and contortions. Among the North Carolina Indians the conjurer was called the priest. He never attempted a cure until he had conversed with the good spirit and ascertained whether his aid would be secured in the fight against the disease.

The language of this race of people excels all others in respect to giving people and things names suggestive of some quality or condition relative to them. For instance, they gave rivers and mountains names according to their shape and location. "Tusyuitwe" signifies the sharpness of the ridge; while "Nautahala" refers to a deep river valley or meridian. Other interesting names are found among those

given animals and people. The "Cooyua" was partridge; "Yohah," a bear; "Ahowee," a deer; "Ookoo-koo-koo," an owl; "Wayah," a wolf; "Chukalukah," a guard; "Tuyah-haleehe," a big lizard; "Oo-wah-too-keh," pretty; and "Sah-nook-ki," the name of an old man, meant flying squirrel. Mention of Sah-nook-ki's name reminds us of some Cherokees whose admirable lives and services should place them along with other heroes. Junaluski is perhaps best known to us by means of the part he played in the battle of Horse-Shoe January 27, 1814.

Acting as General Jackson's scout, he swam the icy river in the night and brought over a canoe, thus enabling some of the forces to cross. In 1852, the State presented him with a farm on the creek where his bravery was displayed. "Junaluski", which means "failure to move something", as a rock or log, was a short well built man, who was greatly revered by his tribe; yet his burial place was unmarked until in 1878, when Mr. Graham with difficulty prevailed on the Indians to place a stone to mark the grave. Hog Black bears the distinction of having seen one hundred and fifty years pass by; while Chu-squiah-yah had his picture made when one hundred and forty years of age, and the records state that he was in excellent health at the time and hoped to add more scalps to the twenty-five which he was saving to be buried with him. By far the most notorious North Carolina Indian is "Sequoyah", who is called the "Cadmus" of his race.

Sequoyah, born in western North Carolina in 1769, was the son of the German peddler George Gist and a Cherokee squaw. He first developed a fine mechanical talent, then became a lecturer of temperance and virtue, and later invented the scheme for writing the Cherokee language. After hard labor this uneducated Indian contrived the invention of eighty-five characters by the means of which he was enabled to represent the entire language. Each character represented a syllable, as "JC" for Jessie; "DK" for decay. For this scheme, which was purely phonographic, he appropriated twenty-six letters of the English alphabet, forming variations of them occasionally; and he invented two letters to represent the remaining sounds. Up to this time, which

was in 1821, there had been absolutely no means of writing the Indian language. For this admirable piece of work, after the death of Sequoyah in 1842, the United States pensioned his wife, this being the only literary pension ever given by the government. Indeed this piece of work by Sequoyah is rightly looked on as not being far from marvelous, when we consider the ability it required to provide a scheme to reduce a spoken language such as theirs to written form. A second recognition of Sequoyah's great deed was expressed, when a search was made for a suitable name for the largest tree in the California forest, the name decided on being "Sequoyah Gigantea."

It is very interesting to note how loath to exhibit relics of their savage days the Cherokees are. Once when asked about some pipe or axe, they replied, "We do not use such things now." However, many of these relics are to be wondered at. While excavating for a cellar, Dr. Washburne unearthed a skeleton near which lay a pipe and a stone tomahawk. The pipe, whose bowl and handle measure about two inches each, is made of hard, black stone, polished as finely as marble. An Indian female form is carved on the bowl of the pipe, and a terrapin in the haft. In Burke County a stone tube was found some time ago in a buried mound. This tube, which is thirteen inches long, is made of serpentine and weighs about three and a half pounds. It is supposedly a medical instrument used by the conjurer. One end being placed to the flesh of the patient, the doctor sucked at the other to exhaust the air. This process was known as cupping. Other relics of interest are the stone axes. These were so well made that they lasted very long, often several generations even when in constant use. The manner of their manufacture is indeed singular. A hard and tough stone was put through the slow process of grinding on a sand stone until it had assumed somewhat the shape of our modern axe. A small oak or hickory tree was then selected and the axe wedged in through a split which was high enough from the ground to afford a handle. Here it was left to grow for a year or two, until it fitted the groove. The perfection of such an instrument required very much time, patience, and

labor and so was considered a valuable and acceptable heirloom.

Sequoyah's invention marks the period when civilization began to take hold on these Cherokees. Before this time there had been no literature for them, for they had absolutely no written record, not even one line of reading matter. Now the Bible has been translated into their own language, and text-books for the schools are constantly being prepared. Many have been taught to read and sing hymns, since these were translated in their own tongue. At present they live according to the laws set for them by their white neighbors.

Agriculture among them is rude and restricted, only small patches being cultivated. For the most part they make a living by the sale of their reed baskets, wooden splits, medicinal herbs and day labor, by hiring out by the day. As hirelings they do the ordinary amount of work and usually take as pay clothing and food, a fact which shows that as yet development among them is very slight. In fact the English language is almost unknown among them despite the fact that for two centuries they have been constantly in contact with an English speaking race. It is estimated that out of 1,104 Cherokees not more than a dozen have the ability to speak our language, and a very small per cent. use the English salutation. They are accepting our customs and religions, social and moral; yet they are interpreting them in terms of their own language.

A visitor among them has remarked that they are hard to approach, hard to draw out on subjects which an American would have no scruples in discussing. Is this strange when we consider what a sad future stares each one of them in the face? He spans the distance of the past years and sees himself lord of all he surveys; he looks around him and sees a few acres and a few kinsmen, the remnants of a glorious past, and he strains his vision for a view of the future and sees a record of the time when he was. With this truth in mind, little wonder is it that his territory is silent save for the murmuring streams and that the Cherokee reminds us of the silent desert.

To A Fast Mail Passing at Night

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

Gray clouds heaped high, the moon above their crest,
 And over open fields, a pathway clear,
 When out of the darkness that fringes the west,
 A looming shape and its shadow appear.
 With headlong speed and deep-throated roar,
 It rushes over the moonlit trail—
 White clouds of smoke from its red heart pour,
 As it speeds from the sight with lonesome wail.
 Ah! what a rich cargo it bears, of messages to human hearts
 that wait
 With smiles and hopes and somber fear,
 What instrument it is of love and hate!
 And in my heart there breathes a silent prayer,
 That to none this night it bring despair!

The Leader

Kathrine Robinson, '13, Adelpgian

It was one of those rare balmy days in March when the sun and cold blasting winds had yielded their power to the sun and warm zephyrs. The inhabitants of Montview were not deceived by the beautiful day into believing that it was the beginning of a long spell of good weather, but realizing the fickleness of the temperature, knew that even by the evening they might see winter's power again shown. So everyone was seizing the opportunity that the fine weather, however brief it might be, offered. Many couples, both young and old, were out riding; many less fortunate in worldly goods, were out walking. Numerous ladies of fashion, prevented by bad weather from returning their calls at the proper time, were hastening to set themselves again right with the social world. Charity workers were busy visiting tenement houses to see how the poor had fared in the recent severe spell. Industrious housewives were anticipating their spring cleaning by carefully removing all snow tracks from their carpets. Workmen were hurrying about repairing leaks recently made by the heavy rains. Scores of children, whose anxious mothers had at last allowed them to go out doors, were running, laughing, and playing gayly, and giving their old nurses quite a job to keep them even in sight.

There was, however, one exception to the universal life and motion. Behind the ivy vines growing over the porch of a handsome old colonial house, Mary Nelson was quietly lying in a hammock. If you only looked at her big brown eyes, you could see that her quietness came from inexpressible joy, and not from sadness. As she half heard bits of the gay conversation of those passing by and the gleeful laughter of the children, she grasped the letter in her hands more tightly, and involuntarily exclaimed aloud:

"I'm so happy! So happy! Everybody seems glad today. But they are not glad as I am. And Father! Father will be happy and proud that at last I am a leader and not standing

in the shadow of another. I must be dreaming, for it can't be insignificant little Mary Nelson whom they want for a manager of the spring and summer dances! I must be mistaken!"

As she spoke, she clutched the letter even more tightly to make sure that it was real and had not already gone. Yes, there it was still. There were those same few lines, so insignificant in appearance, so momentous in result. For did they not ask her to accept the management of the fashionable Leap Year dances to be given that spring and summer? Did they not, in placing her at the head of the fashionable society of Montview, give her social prestige in all the state? But more than that, did they not give her the chance of fulfilling the desire of her life—to lead? Did they not place within her reach that for which she had been grasping ever since she could remember?

From her early childhood she had been noted for her sweetness, modesty, and high sense of honor. Taught about great men and women who had benefited the world, she, too, began to desire to be a great leader. All her favorite characters in literature, all her most popular friends had achieved the places they held through their power of directing instead of blindly following others. If she could just be like them—if she only were a leader! Her mother, a sweet, good woman of power, who had died when Mary was quite small, had been held up as a shining example for her daughters. She had been a leader. To be like her, to follow in her footsteps, seemed to be their father's dearest wish for them. The two older girls, who had inherited much of their mother's power, had no difficulty in getting honors and leading their circle of friends. She, the youngest child, unlike her sisters, had always stood aside for others to pass forward. When a child, she was as free and easy in a small group of friends as an animal in his native forest. But as soon as strangers joined the group, she would always slip into some unobserved place and let another command attention. Often she would wonder how her sisters had the courage to direct as they did; often she would ask herself why she, too, was not a leader. No one ever understood her lack of power better than did Mary;

no one ever rued it more, and fought it more desperately. She would do something worth while yet; she would add an honor to her father's already distinguished name. How proud he must be of his older daughters who had done so well! How ashamed he must be of her! What if he had never shown it; what if, when her sisters told him of some new honor they had won, he did caress her even more tenderly, and with eyes beaming, say to her: "We're proud of them, aren't we, my love?" He must be ashamed of her. Born of a very old family, in a state which had brought forth many famous sons and daughters, noted himself for personal courage and power, very ambitious for his children, he certainly must be disappointed that she alone had never reflected honor on his and her mother's name. Yet he had always been devoted to her. For this reason especially she had come to crave leadership more. If her father had not always been so sweet, considerate, and kind to her, if he had not guarded her feelings so carefully, perhaps she would not have wanted honors quite so much. His love, however, had turned her desire into a burning ambition, written in her very soul. She would be a leader like her mother.

With this ideal ever in view, she had largely overcome her bashfulness. Yet, for some reason, from grammar school on through college, she had never gotten the first place. In school, though loved by all, she was defeated by a slightly underhanded rival, Theresa Page. With Mary, duty was as dear as leadership, and she was not only above doing "little" things, even to fulfill her ambition, but also was too honorable to tell of the "littleness" of another, and thus justify her own failure. In college her popularity had increased, but again she did not lead, partly because of her bad health, and partly because of her old opponent, Theresa. These two, together struggling against her, had conquered. A second time, the world only half knew the truth, and many people, like Mary herself, began to doubt whether she would ever be other than second.

After a year in Europe she had returned home just in time for the marriage of her second sister, and for the whirl of gaiety the many attractive debutantes of Montview were to

enjoy that year. Now that both her sisters were married, she had charge of the big colonial house, and chief care of her father. Winter had quickly flown by, and spring, which was to begin the series of Leap Year dances, had almost come. From all the popular debutantes, the committee had unanimously elected her manager of the dances, and only her consent to accept the offer was awaited before the choice was made public, and she became the most respected, most admired, and most envied society figure of the state. Besides the management of dances being the greatest social honor of Montview, it was also the rarest one, for only the debutantes who "came out" in Leap Year had the opportunity of being chosen. Naturally, as the honor came to so few, and to them only once, it was coveted and worked for as few things are. Thus it seemed to Mary nothing less than a miracle that she, who had never even thought of being manager and had never been a leader, should be the one of all others who should have been chosen. She had heard that Theresa hoped to be elected, and she had had no doubt of her succeeding in that as she had always done in everything in the past. She could not understand how it was that she had been elected. How pleased her father would be to see her lead at last! How surprised would her sisters be at seeing her wear greater laurels than they had ever had! If spirits know of human affairs, how joyful would her mother be to see her daughter following in her footsteps.

As such thoughts kept flitting through her brain, for a long time she could not help wondering if her honor were not a passing dream. At last, assured of its reality, she began to plan a note of acceptance. She could scarcely think for joy. This was her first real opportunity to show the world the power she felt was hidden in her.

"Yes, for once father can be proud of me. This time I'm not a second fiddle. I'm not standing in the shadow of another, not even of Theresa Page!"

Scarcely had she uttered the name of her disliked rival when it sounded again as in an echo. Raising up in the hammock to see where the name came from, between the leaves of the ivy vine Mary caught sight of two of her elder

friends walking together and talking very animatedly. She had evidently heard them speak. With curiosity satisfied, she now dropped back into her former comfortable position in the hammock, and could only tell by the increasing distinctness of her friends' voices that they were approaching her house. They must be at the place next door now, for she began to understand their words.

"Theresa Page!" one of the ladies was saying in a high voice, "you wanted Theresa to be chosen manager of the Leap Year dances? I don't understand that."

"Yes, Theresa," replied her companion. "It is not that she could do it better than Mary, but that she needs it more."

"I don't see how," the first lady was answering. "Theresa has had every honor. Everybody has seen what she can do. But Mary has had none. She has never had a good chance before to lead and show her power. This is, undoubtedly, her best opportunity. Another debutante must, of course, be chosen next Leap Year; so this is Mary's last chance of the kind."

The companion of the speaker must have been getting provoked, for her answer rang out in a very high key:

"What you say is true. But there is another equally important consideration. Theresa is very poor. When she was sent to school, her family had much property, but since then her father has lost it all in drink. Thus she is forced to earn a living for the family, to supply the needs of her invalid mother; to educate her younger sister; to provide food and clothing for herself. But she is very proud. For that reason, it is not generally known that Theresa's sudden desire to have a fashionable boarding school, because she is so 'fond of girls', is the direct result of an empty purse. Now, if she had gotten the nomination which Mary got—and she undoubtedly was second on the list—she could have easily gotten pupils. The management of the Leap Year dances is so great a social honor and makes the one who gets it so noted in the society of the state, that fashionable ladies would have certainly sent their daughters to her school. With their patronage assured, she could have asked whatever price she wanted and could have received it. She could have supplied

all the wants of her family, and at the same time kept her place in society. It is bad enough for a sweet young debutante to be thrown into the business world, especially if the world is cold, unsympathetic and too busy to notice her. With no great reputation to start her off, and with too much pride to tell of her difficulties, she will doubtless have a dreary time of it. It was because the management of the dances would have greatly aided her financially that I wanted her to be chosen. To Mary it is honor; to Theresa it is bread. But Mary is nominated, and though the general public will not know of it until she accepts the nomination, that will certainly be in a day or two. When I forget Theresa's needs, I am glad for Mary's sake that she was chosen."

Gradually the high voices became less and less audible until finally they were quite out of Mary's hearing. But somehow the words seemed to linger still. The breeze must have caught them, for assuredly she still heard those emphatic words: "To Mary it is honor; to Theresa it is bread."

The speakers did not understand. To her it was more than honor alone. It was the craving of her soul, the unsatisfied ambition of her life. She had for so long been discouraged. Often at college she had wondered whether her life was not a complete failure. Almost despairing of ever securing her desire, she felt as if soon, in sheer weakness, she would give it up. This honor seemed a special gift from heaven sent to reassure her and give her new hope. It gave her the means of giving a little pleasure and joy to her father who was already nearing three score and ten years. She had not worked for the honor; she had been *made* a leader. Perhaps Theresa would have better fortune than was thought. Before this time she had always gained what she sought—why not now? Though personally she disliked Theresa, nevertheless, Mary hoped that for her family's sake she would succeed with her school. But it was a waste of time to speculate on the future. She had best accept the nomination right away, so that her father could see the note when he came home to lunch. How happy he would be! So quickly jumping up, she went into her father's study and settled herself at his desk. Somehow the note seemed very hard to

write. She had forgotten what she planned while in the hammock, and now the words wouldn't come. All the while her mind went back to the conversation of her friends. She could still distinctly hear one of them say: "To Mary it is honor; to Theresa it is bread." How silly it was for those words to keep ringing in her head. She would hastily finish the note, and then see that lunch was ready for her father.

Just as she was signing her name to the acceptance, the maid came to the study to announce that Mr. Nelson had sent word he was busy helping a poor man who was in trouble, and could not come home for lunch.

"Poor dear father," said Mary, "he is always doing something for somebody who cannot reward him. But he must stop missing his meals even to help people. He cannot live without bread."

She started. Without bread! Cannot live without bread. And they had said the ball management "was bread to Theresa". What made her keep thinking of those idle words she had accidentally heard? She needed something to do to make her forget them.

"I want my lunch right away, Annie. As soon as it is over, you and Lucy may have the afternoon off."

"Thank you, Miss Mary. Your lunch will be served at once."

It is very disagreeable to eat all alone, especially when you have something you want to talk about. At times intense quiet is unbearable. All the while Mary was eating her lunch, there was not a sound to attract her attention except the regular ticking of the big grandfather clock in the hall and the familiar voices of the people passing on the street. These, however, only reminded her of the conversation she had heard that morning. It was strange what an impression they had made on her. If she had never heard them! If she had just been somewhere out of hearing distance! If they hadn't talked their secrets so loudly on the street! If anything had happened to keep her from knowing that Theresa was very poor, and the ball management meant bread to her.

Finishing her lunch as quickly as possible, Mary picked up a book and several papers lying in the study, and again went back to the porch. Somehow the birds did not sing as sweetly as they had that morning, and the sun was no longer shining. The sky, formerly so blue, was now becoming a mass of black. She would read her book while the clouds were gathering. Perhaps her father would be home before the storm broke forth. Try as hard as she could, for some reason she could not get her mind on her book. It was all about the trials of a teacher, and was very tiresome reading. She had heard it said that the book was extremely funny. It was too much like real life to amuse her. Maybe she could find some interesting news in one of the newspapers. The first paper she looked at was full of plans for the Leap Year dances. Their large social scale was dwelt on at great length. How lovely they were to be! What an opportunity for her, their leader! For a few minutes she became wholly absorbed in picturing them. Could she ever wait for the first of the series to begin? Perhaps another paper would tell something else about them; it was still light enough for her to see how to read.

So throwing aside the paper she had just been reading, she took up another daily. Maybe the big red headlines on the first page told something of the dances. Instead, they only asked the question: "Is the World Growing Better?"

"How pessimistic some people are, to try always to make our progressive world seem to go down hill," thought Mary. "Some old fogey, with no judgment and less reason, is always harping on the good old times that are gone. Of course the world is growing better. I wonder what these small black headlines say."

"New Inventions, but no Great People—No More Lees—No More Washingtons—People of Today Intensely Selfish—Once Entertained Strangers Bounteously; Now Won't Give Even Their Neighbors Bread—"

Bread! Won't give even their neighbors bread! And "to Theresa it is bread!" Would she never forget those words? "To Theresa it is bread!"

"I couldn't help getting the nomination," said Mary to herself.

In the whisper of the wind she thought she heard the answer: "But you can help accepting it."

"Give up my honor! I am not called on to give up so much," Mary protested.

And the wind blowing more strongly, gave back the reply: "Nor was Lee. His was a free will sacrifice."

"I won't give up the thing I prize most, which I have craved all my life, to the rival who has so often treated me unfairly. I won't. I won't."

And in the gust of wind she heard the divine words: "Love your enemies; do good to them who hate you."

"But this honor will mean so much to my family, to my father!"

And from the swiftly blowing gale, there was the answer: "To Theresa it is bread."

Summing up all her strength, Mary again protested: "It's my last chance to get this honor. I have never done anything to make my father proud of me. I have never been a leader. I owe it to him to show the world what power I have."

In the roar of the storm now bursting forth, she received the final reply: "Duty now gives you that chance."

Though the storm continued to rage without, in Mary's heart there was peace. She had made up her mind to follow the call of duty, and give bread to her needy neighbor. It was hard, but it was right. She saw it clearly now. So hurrying back to the study, she tore up the first note, and at the same desk, wrote a second one, in which she refused the nomination and suggested that Theresa Page be made manager. She would mail the note as soon as the storm was over in order to prevent any delay. It would be best not to mention her nomination even to her father, for Theresa was proud, and would hate to have it known that she was second choice. Now that the note was written, she would prepare a hot supper for her father.

Before everything was quite ready, Mr. Nelson had come in, cold and hungry. When Mary had finished preparing a

tempting meal, she went into the study to get her father. He was sitting at his desk, leaning back in his chair, with a far away expression in his eyes. Hearing her steps, he straightway got up and went to meet her.

"My daughter," he said, "my daughter, today I heard you had been chosen manager of the Leap Year dances, and I was proud of you and glad for you. But when, a little while ago, I saw a note you had left on my desk refusing the nomination, I was still prouder of you, prouder than I had ever been of any of my daughters. I understand what it means for you to give up what you want most, and I am glad to see what *real power* you have. My love, you have made me happier by your unselfish sacrifice than you would ever have done by leading dances, even at the White House. You are just like your mother—a true leader."

Mary was satisfied.



Sorrow

Lily Currie, '16, Cornelian

'Tis but a cord that draws us nearer
To the goal we long to reach,
Given by Thy hand, O Master,
Who would fain Thy children teach.

May we ever bear it gladly,
Since thus nearer Thee we're drawn;
Knowing that 'tis by Thy chastening
We awake to perfect dawn,

Where we're told there is no sorrow;
Further need there cannot be,
Since at last in Thy perfection
We'll be always near to Thee.

Then we'll not murmur, only thank Thee
When the cord is tighter drawn;
Thank Thee, that from sinful weakness,
We may by Thy help grow strong.

Freytag's Women

Florence Ledbetter, Adelpian

In all his works, Freytag attempts to depict the social conditions of some period of German history, and his characters are well considered types of their time. His women are especially natural and true to life—in fact, they are such persons as one has met or feels he might have met. While some are real types of German women, others differ to a certain extent from the accepted idea of the woman of the Fatherland. In order to get a clear and well-defined notion as to what this good German's conception of womanhood is, it will be necessary to compare a few of Freytag's heroines. We will consider two women from each of three books, viz.: "Die Journalisten", "Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen", and "Soll und Haben".

Adelheid Bruneck in "Die Journalisten", is a veritable contribution to literature. She is full of wit and humor and knows how to appreciate these qualities in others. Her cleverness, tact, and good common sense are shown in the way in which she brings about the reconciliation between Professor Oldendorf, the Liberal candidate in the political campaign, and Colonel Berg, the candidate of the Conservative party. Hers is a strong, hopeful nature, always bearing up bravely in the face of reverses; accordingly, her very presence imparts courage to her friends. She knows on occasion how to secure their happiness by her business capacity, and yet, in spite of this and of her cleverness she is very modest and womanly. She reminds us of Portia, in that her sympathy for her friends and her desire to be of assistance to them in distress, lead her to undertake things which it is rather unusual for a girl to attempt. Just before the scene of the purchase of the paper, which may be compared to the Trial Scene in the "Merchant of Venice," she hesitates to carry out her purpose, thinking that it is "perhaps too bold". But she concludes, "I must do it for his sake (i. e., for the sake of Bolz, to whom she finally presents the paper, together with herself) and for us all." Though an heiress,

she is so domestic and retiring that she prefers remaining in the country and caring for her estate to indulging in social pleasures of the city.

In Ida, the daughter of Colonel Berg, we have an almost perfect example of filial obedience. This quality is brought out with especial distinctness when her father and her lover become political opponents; and in the quarrel which ensues between them, her filial devotion and fidelity to her lover come into conflict, resulting in great disturbance of her peace of mind. She is in deep distress throughout the campaign, for, in contrast to her friend Adelheid, she takes a pessimistic view of the situation, feeling sure that, whatever its outcome, she herself will be unhappy. She is of a clinging, dependent disposition, relying for cheer and consolation during this trying time solely upon her strong, courageous friend. Her trustful disposition is prone to repose great confidence in the judgment of her father and Oldendorf and in Adelheid's ability, but little in herself. Her unsophisticated, childlike nature is shown in the following question, when on having been assured that Colonel Berg will be the successful candidate, she innocently asks: "But what if it should be better for the country that Oldendorf should be elected?" Her friend's sense of humor and her hopefulness are seen in her reply: "Our state and the other countries of Europe will have to get on as best they can without the professor. You are first to be considered; you will marry him."

Judith Moring, a girl of the seventeenth century, presents a most striking personality, and one which we can but admire without reserve. She is a child of nature, "grown up", as she herself says, "between tree and stone", and this fact accounts to some extent for her childlike frankness and naïveté. From her father she has learned the efficacy of certain concoctions of herbs in curing diseases, and these she employs among the sick villagers with such extraordinary success that the latter come to regard her as a sorceress. Indeed, she herself comes to look upon plants gathered at certain hours of the night, and under certain phases of the moon, as possessing peculiar healing virtues. Moreover, her lonely life and intimate association with the sights and sounds of the natural

world have nurtured in her a deep insight into Nature and also a certain amount of superstition. To illustrate, she once says to Regine: "There is much secret life upon the earth which is unknown to us mortals. The wise people say that in the plants of the field live little spirits whom they call the good friends, and we find that some of these are little men and others, little women". Then, when Regine answers: "There is no mention of that in the Scriptures," she says: "But it is to be read in the woods and fields; there the dear God has written it."

Judith's domesticity constitutes a very pleasing trait of her character. She takes great delight in the quiet household tasks of spinning and weaving, and, as she confides to Bernhard, her soldier lover, she has in her house a secret room containing "the linen she has spun in all the years, a dowry fit for a merchant's daughter". In spite of the fact that she lives alone, with no other companions than her old servant, her cat, her birds, and her cow Bliss, she is always cheerful and contented, and proves herself the benefactor of many a poor villager and homeless exile. So great is her unselfish love for Bernhard, that she endangers her reputation, and, as is seen later, her very life, to procure for him a little plant, which, in her simple heart, she believes is possessed of the power of protecting its wearer in battle. When, as the consequence of this nocturnal adventure, she is accused of witchcraft, she allows herself to be condemned to the stake, rather than secure her freedom by uttering a word which will inculpate Bernhard. Where in all literature is depicted greater heroism? Even when Bernhard comes to rescue her on the night before the day appointed for her execution, so complete is her unselfishness that she bids him leave her to her fate and flee, lest, in aiding a condemned witch, he bring down punishment on his own head.

Regine König is a modest, retiring, though highly intelligent woman. Her most characteristic trait is her extreme piety. Very sensitive and easily excited by outward occurrences, her sleep is often disturbed by troubled dreams, and in dream speeches she gives utterance to the thoughts which fill her mind during her waking hours; as these are of a relig-

ious nature, her dream speeches naturally take a religious turn. They are often uttered in loud, clear tones which make them resemble annunciations; hence Regine is supposed by many to be divinely inspired and to utter prophetic words. Her tender heart is wounded, however, if these dreams are ever mentioned to her. Her love for her brother and her dependence on him are characteristic traits, as well as her gratitude to her benefactors and desire to be of service to them. She takes great delight in quiet household employments, and when, because of her nomadic life during the cruel Thirty Years' War, she is deprived of them, she feels their loss deeply. With all the beauty of holiness in her face and life, adored by the rough soldiers of the camp, exercising a wonderful influence over the noble Duke of Gotha, we see her, a fragile child-like woman, sensitive as a flower, yet morally strong as a Daniel.

In "Soll und Haben," we have depicted the characters of two women from two different classes of society, the bourgeois and aristocratic. We are introduced to Lenore, daughter of the Baron of Rothsattel, when she is a child of fourteen, but even then she is conscious of her social position, and affects all the haughty little airs of "my lady". As she grows older, she lays these aside, retaining, however, a certain pride in birth and rank and the dignity which becomes her station. She is an "original", to use her mother's expression, and, though clinging to the traditions of her hereditary rank, is free from any hallucinations in regard to it. Like Ida, she is a filial daughter, but is not so clinging and dependent upon others. On the contrary, she is the only member of the Rothsattel family who does not succumb to the disasters which befall the house; she becomes the mainstay of her parents in their misfortunes, and her character comes forth from its fiery trial like pure gold, refined and perfected. Though possessing a certain amount of family pride, she is warmhearted and generous, and has a ready sympathy for all, no matter to what class of society they belong. Her physical as well as moral courage is shown during the defence of her father's estate against the Poles, when she refuses to

allow Anton and Fink to risk their lives, without personally rendering them all the assistance in her power.

Sabine, the sister of the great merchant in "Soll und Haben", is a perfect type of the careful housewife. To her is confined the care of her widowed brother's household, and though only a girl, she presides over the immense establishment with all the dignity of a woman of years and experience. She is the "good fairy", the guardian angel of the home, and within its domains she is supreme. Although very wealthy, she does not scorn this occupation, but on the contrary, takes great pride in keeping the household machinery running smoothly. She is maidenly, modest, simple and sweet, and—though this is unknown and unsuspected—is her brother's chief adviser and silent partner in business—another refutation of the statement that no natural woman can work arithmetic or keep a secret.

Though none of these women is merely the German woman famed the world over as a careful "Hausfrau", all six possess certain prominent characteristics of the woman of the Fatherland. Judith had filled a secret chamber in her house with linen against her marriage and Sabine "reigned supreme" in her linen room and "unwillingly saw a strange foot enter." The German girl, because of her education, a large part of which she receives at home under her mother's supervision, is modest and retiring in her disposition, a filial daughter, a devoted wife, a home-lover and a home-maker. Of the six women under our consideration, Ida, Regine, and Sabine are of a particularly modest, retiring nature. All conduct themselves toward living parents in the most obedient and considerate manner possible, while the opinion or wish of deceased parents is followed as a holy law. The German woman is not childish, but she is *childlike* and exceedingly sensitive. Other traits which Freytag's women possess in common with the other women of Germany are the clinging, dependent nature and the idealistic tendency. The German woman is apt to exalt her lover or her husband to an undue eminence in her own mind, possessing a most profound respect for his judgment and regarding him as vastly superior to herself in intellectual endowments. " 'Tis very good for strength

to know that others need us to be strong'', and the noblest German of them all needs for his perfect earthly happiness not only good digestion, but a simple-hearted woman to call him lord and king. It is probably due to the woman's humble, dependent attitude toward the sterner sex that the husband or father is frequently very autocratic in his home relations. It is certainly due to this attitude and to the fact that she personally supervises her housekeeping that her "men folks" are happier at home than anywhere else on earth.

Adelheid, Judith, and Lenore, while possessing all these qualities of mind and heart that make the cultured German woman so charming, have other traits which are not characteristic of her. They are rather more capable of carrying on business than the average German maid and not so timid and dependent upon others. Adelheid has great executive ability and is extraordinarily intelligent, with a rare insight into human nature. Judith is rather eccentric in certain respects and has many little idiosyncrasies and odd ways. Both Lenore and Judith are strong, self-reliant girls, with the spirit of the heroic soldier. In that these three women possess an originality and individuality of their own, they fail to agree with the typical German woman in character, for the latter is not original.

There are to be found in the Fatherland strong-willed, self-assertive, intensely masculine women, but this class is in the minority, and we trust it will ever be. In Freytag's women we see the real heart of the German people—thoughtful, self-sacrificing, gentle, pure, modest, domestic, affectionate, faithful, tenderly loved and ardently loving women. May their tribe increase.

Marriage Hymn, LXII

Translated from the Latin of Catullus

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

YOUTHS:

Sweet evening star! Surround the festal board,
Ye jovial youths, lo! on Olympus' height
The last light Vesper darkling, shades, arise!
The bride approaches, nuptials now declare.
God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!

MAIDENS:

Sisters, see ye the youths? We'll join their feast.
Behold, o'er Oeta Hesperus gently shines.
How lightly leap our brothers from the earth,
No shyness fetters them. We'll test their song!
God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!

YOUTHS:

Comrades, the palm will not be easy got,
Look you, the maidens studied verse devise;
And not for naught, a right good hymn they chant,
For see, they've labored earnestly and long.
Give heed, let us their manner imitate,
For victory follows care. With a will we'll sing.
Already they begin, we must reply.
God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!

MAIDENS:

Burns there celestial fire more fierce than thine,
O Hesperus? Thou, who from a mother's arms,
Ay, from a mother's fond and gentle love,
The tender maiden rudely wrests, a gift
To satisfy the ardent suitor's whim?
Doth fallen city suffer fate more harsh?
God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!

YOUTHS:

What star of heaven love we more than thou,
 O Hesperus, whose flames proclaim wedlock?—
 Ay, *betroth* men may if parents but agree,
 But dare not *wed* till thou dost burn consent.
 What gift of gods is dearer than this hour?
 God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!

MAIDENS:

Oh woe! Hesperus robs us of a friend!

YOUTHS:

Year in, year out, men wait thy dear approach,
 Thy light, oh star, shines through the thick disguise,
 Revealing all the foolish masquerade
 Of proud deceiver, very thief at heart.
 'Tis woman's way hatred of thee to feign,
 But ah! What of their silent longing souls?

MAIDENS:

Behind barred gates, deep in a secret garden,
 Secure from nibbling sheep and rooting spade,
 Springs up a flower rare; the zephyrs fair,
 Suns warm, and rains refresh this treasure plant,
 Till for the prize yearns heart of maid and man.
 Alas, the flower plucked doth fade and die,
 And withered stalk nor man nor maid desires.
 E'en so, a maiden pure is our dear love;
 Virginity lost, a hateful hull is left,
 Nor pleasing man, nor pleasing maid.
 God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!

YOUTHS:

A single ragged vine in barren field,
 A vine that never learns to follow light,
 But on the earth forever prostrate crawls,
 Its highest tendril creeping 'round the root
 Of master tree that it should wreath complete,
 A vine that ne'er puts forth a single grape,

Strong men and youths like not, nor cultivate.
While a sister vine that rings a tall elm tree
Protected is of men, and loved of youths.
Thus she who claims of love fore'er denies
Grows old alone, unloved, and she who lives
And loves and weds in her own rank and station
Precious to husband and to parents grows.
Ah! maiden, 'tis a sin when you dissent,
For your own father gives you to the man;
To do their will is your best privilege.
Your maidenhood is not entirely yours,
But to your parents partly doth belong:
Your father's share, a third, likewise your mother's;
And yours no more. Can one 'gainst two prevail?
Nay, Fair, obey them now, and love, beloved!
God Hymen, O! All hail God Hymen, O!



An Appreciation of Spenser's Epithalamium

Maud Bunn, '14, Cornelian

Spenser married in 1593, and the next year saw erected an everlasting monument to his happiness in his impassioned and triumphant nuptial song. The poem in a word is beautiful! Hallam has said: "It is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure." Such tributes are well deserved, for this poem combines the two qualities of a poet's fancy and a bridegroom's joy. It stands pre-eminent among all poems of its kind, *ancient* and *modern*.

In this exultant marriage hymn Spenser seemed to soar away from all hindrances and write with a freedom and ease which showed not only deep feeling but the power of expressing this feeling forcibly. The language of the poem is simple, but rich and varied. Some one has said: "The English language seems to expand itself with a copiousness unknown before, while he (Spenser) pours forth the varied imagery of this splendid poem." The poem is musical and rhythmic. The frequent use of alliteration and of liquids aids in producing the melody. The length of the last line in each stanza adds much to the effect of the poem as a whole. Notice, for instance, this passage:

"And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen,
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the words shall answer, and your
echo ring."

Every stanza ends in this way, the last line not only heightening the rhythm and melody of the verse, but also helping to create the fresh, woodland atmosphere that envelops the poem.

His verses are filled with a vehemence of impetuous ardor and exultation. The whole poem impresses one as being the product of a noble poet. Joyousness, profound delight in the universe, love, passion, imagination, refinement and delicacy of feeling, and self-restraint show themselves in this masterpiece of art.

Spenser's love for his bride, which I think is typical of his love and esteem of woman, is of the highest type. He loves her with an intense passion; yet his love is more or less spiritual. It is something sacred to him.

Mrs. Jameson says: "The passage in which he describes his youthful bride is perhaps one of the most vivid and beautiful pictures in the whole compass of English poetry."

"Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire
Sprinkled with pearls, and pearly flowers atwine,
Do like a golden mantle her attire."

The frequent use of alliteration and liquids and the "lambent light of the words" render the passage especially melodious.

In the next stanza Spenser gives us a picture of his bride from another point of view. He presents her moral beauty. Note these lines:

"There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty."

What a high conception of woman Spenser here sets forth! I like these lines too:

"Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare."

The stanza in which Spenser describes the Evening Star, calling it "Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of love", is one that wonderfully sets forth his talent for giving vivid pictures. And thus all his descriptions are vivid! splendid! full of imagery! yet delicate and refined.

The poem as a whole is indeed beautiful, and this beautiful whole is made of such beautiful parts as I have mentioned. In conclusion it seems fitting to quote what Southey has written concerning this splendid Epithalamium, for it gives far better than I can my conception of it:

"Sweet Spenser, sweetest bard; yet not more sweet
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise,
High Priest of all the muse's mysteries.
I called to mind that mighty master's song,

When he brought home his beautifulest bride.
 And mulla murmured her sweet undersong,
 And mole with all his mountain-woods replied;
 Never to mortal lips a strain was given,
 More rich with love, more redolent of Heaven.
 His cup of joy was mantling to the brim,
 Yet solemn thoughts enhanced his deep delight;
 A holy feeling filled his marriage hymn,
 And love inspired with Faith a heavenward flight."

A New Year Meditation

Louise Goodwin, '16, Adelpian

As through the midnight falls and swells
 The joyous cadence of the bells,
 Ringing in another year,
 Come now vague imaginings
 To a watcher sitting here.

"What destinies are this New Year's?
 Does it come with sighs and tears?
 Bowing souls in bitter sadness?
 Or down its dim unfathomed reaches,
 Does it bring us peace and gladness?"

To some, this year brings cruel pain;
 For some, its sunshine will be rain.
 But while its days are being told,
 Let each strong soul toil on, look up.
 To all will come grey days—and gold!

Come then peace, joy, or sorrow!
 O thou who makest each tomorrow,
 Let me serve my fellow men."
 And in the New Year's dawning splendor,
 To this prayer we breathe "Amen"!



State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies, under the direction of an Advisory Committee chosen from the Faculty.

Terms: \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, 15 cents.

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VOL. XVII

JANUARY, 1913

No. 4

Greetings to our faculty and students for the New Year, 1913! The number thirteen has always carried with it the traditional boding of bad luck, but tradition cannot make the present or the future. The Senior Class will change tradition with this New Year, for they have chosen it for their good-luck year, and they would hope that you will also get away from tradition and adopt the number thirteen as a symbol of good luck.

The Magazine too, has defied tradition and has determined to make this year the best in the history of magazine work at the college. May we count upon your interest and co-operation?

E. C. B., '13, Cornelian.

Just now at the beginning of the New Year it is not inappropriate that we think of our college motto,

SERVICE *Service*—how we may best make this truly a year of service. We have often thought of our duty of service to the college, to the various organizations, and to each other, but now we would think of it in a rather different way—our duty of service to ourselves. When we consider it thoughtfully, we realize that it is only in this way that we can be of most service to others.

To some, this may seem a somewhat selfish, narrow conception of the meaning of this excellent motto. But let us consider what it really means. Many of us are permitted to enjoy a college education only by the sacrifice of our home people. Then it is clearly our duty, for their sakes, if not for our own, to gain the most development from our college life. Of course we think of our studies first. Most of us realize that not necessarily by constant digging, but by good conscientious work, we are able to be of most service to ourselves by best preparing ourselves for our life work whether it be home-making or school teaching. When we think of the organizations, we know that it is by working for them that we derive genuine personal benefit—that the more of our own effort we put into them, the more good we get out of them. But when we consider our fellow students, we may wonder how this can apply to them. Let us remember just this, that He who did the greatest service for mankind, said: “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as *thyself*.” In this commandment *thyself* is the standard of measurement as to our relations with others. The meaning, then, would be just as well preserved if we stated it “as thou lovest *thyself*, so shalt thou love thy neighbor.” This interpretation points out plainly that it is in serving ourselves that we can best serve our neighbors. It is in following out this plain path of duty that the highest service comes. It is in approaching the ideals of our own lives that we render the finer service to our fellow-students. It is in rendering this service and in approaching our own ideals, that our life moves into a broader circle where it comes in sympathy with all those about us.

Then this service to ourselves is not a selfishness that would take for itself all the highest honors and the best marks, but a selfishness that would respect our schoolmates, who are traveling the same path that we are going; who are undergoing the same disappointments that we are passing through; who are sharing the same joys that we find pleasure in; and who, with us, are striving for a common happiness by finding the best way to be of service.

M. R., '13, Adelphian.

We students are living now in the time of our youth, the period during which we must work out the
CAMPUS aims that are henceforth to govern our con-
SPIRIT duct. It is *now* that we ought to work for the highest possible development of ourselves. If this high development is our aim, it will be the thing which will guide and direct our campus spirit. For our campus spirit is nothing more or less than the attitude we take toward each condition we here come in contact with. If we could only eliminate some things from our lives here in college, we would approach near to a very high development.

One of the first things which mars the ideal development is the presence of college thieves. Did you ever think that possibly you might be a thief? You have stolen honor if you let another person do work for which you get credit. If you copy the work of another girl in your study or in your recitation, you have taken what is her due. You have stolen time if you in any way do not use your own time to advantage, or hinder another girl from making good use of hers. . Another thing which defeats the right kind of development is our conversation. In the first place, there is such a poverty of the very words we use. Have you ever considered how many times in one day we girls say *cute, darling, perfectly grand, just awful*, and a few other overworked adjectives. when our language has such a wealth of words that would much better express our meaning? Then we all have our pet slang expressions which are of no good. If we forget, and say them before people whom we really admire, we are very much mortified. Next come gossip and criticism. These are

things to be thought about seriously. I wish that for one week we could all persuade ourselves to leave out gossip, and to say and think only pleasant things about the people we know. If we could, our campus spirit would be so much better we would be glad to continue the experiment.

College idols are a big factor in hindering broad development. They are hard to write about, because each person is apt to have a different one. Some people idolize dress, some a good time, others self. Some make their school work supreme, others their outside work. Some let other girls monopolize their entire minds. All these things are well enough in their places. But it is when we fall down and worship them that they mar our campus spirit of development.

There are many things which we might say prevent the right kind of college spirit. Perhaps with each one of us they will be different. We must each work out the things which to us seem best. The Senior Class, as the leaders in college thought, should take the firmest stand for what is best. It should be very instrumental in handing down as college traditions what will work for the best development. But every individual must bear her own part. It is only by giving honest thought and effort to the things that will give us the broadest, highest development that we can hope to have the right kind of campus spirit.

L. C., '13, Adelpgian.

The average American girl takes a ridiculous attitude toward politics. When asked what her politics are, she will promptly give the name of one of the political parties and claim proudly, even defiantly, that her allegiance is to that party. If asked why she is such an ardent supporter of that party, she will say, "I really don't know, but I am anyway." The matter when sifted proves that she has not the slightest idea of the difference between the views of the Democratic party and those of any other party. Yet she will get quite angry if it is argued that *her* party is not right. Why she calls it *her* party is a puzzle until at last one discovers that her father belongs to that party.

GIRLS AND POLITICS

Recently everybody who is really wide awake in the United States has been interested in the presidential election. The young women have heartily wished that their candidate, or more truthfully speaking their father's candidate, would win. Many of them have followed in the newspapers this candidate's campaign, but the most of them when reading an account of one of his speech-making visits would read eagerly the account of how he was "cordially welcomed to the city by a crowd among which was a group of enthusiastic young ladies with their arms full of flowers," and when they came to the speech he made, pass over it and on to where they read, "bowing and smiling from the rear of his private car he was borne away." Then the readers would declare if that man was not president it would be a shame.

It is a sign of narrowness in a girl's mind to hear her defend or try to defend political views of which she knows nothing. Yet it is done. Nearly every girl of today wants to take an interest in politics; she would not be "modern" if she did not, and yet she is not willing to take the trouble to inform herself on the subject. The thing to be done is this: let the girl get informed on the subject of politics, learn the views of the different parties, form her opinion, and then after she has an opinion to defend, let her defend it.

D. H., '15, Adelphian.

As almost everyone knows, the Specials are trying to get permission to organize. There are rumors that the movement will be opposed by some of the students. One thing that has never been made clear to us is the reason for the objection to it. What harm could it be? If the Special Class is not worthy of organizing, why *have* the Special Classes? The Specials are here. Why not utilize them? Is it not as good to turn out good stenographers and music pupils, as teachers? The reasons for organizing are obvious. It is not necessary to promote class spirit. We have that already. All we want is to work better together. In the Special classes there are as efficient workers as in any other classes. Why should we not have an organization to work under? Most of the classes are in sympathy with the movement. We have

only one answer to our question of "Why should we not have an organization?"—"You might grow too strong." This encourages us to think that there must be something in the Special Class if their strength is to be feared. Why, then, can it not be united with the other classes to help to make the Normal an even more-to-be-envied institution? The trite saying, "In union there is strength", is our plea at present. Can we count on your saying, "Three cheers for Specials! Specials will win"?
A. A., Cornelian.

What is the National Consumers' League? It is "an organization of men and women who have for thirteen years appealed with increasing success to the shopping public to use its power for improving industrial conditions." There are now not only state leagues in eighteen states, but thirty-four local leagues and thirty-one school and college leagues. The movement has spread across the Atlantic as well, and men and women in France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium are actively engaged in the work.

But, why organize a league at the Normal College? The answer to this question is most convincing. The ideal of modern education is "social efficiency", and the motto of our own college "service". In the league already partially organized here, we intend studying the industrial situation, including both national and local problems, in order to render more intelligent service. We feel humiliation in the knowledge that "the old North State" has one of the four worst child labor laws existing in America; "a law under which fifty cotton mills employing young children, worked at night, in the winter of 1911 in North Carolina". Neither are we willing that our women shall work at night or for fourteen long hours a day. Whether it be in our own or any other state, we know such conditions are wrong, that the penalty will be paid in moral and physical degeneration, and the record written in sin and suffering. Such condition ought not to prevail longer, and we intend earnestly to direct our attention and influence to eliminating the existing evils of the industrial world.

There are many and varied phases of the work, such as educating the public in regard to pure food, the work of the juvenile courts, etc., which will be taken up at the regular monthly meetings of the league. During the spring term we will have several prominent speakers, and a series of debates by the members. There is a great deal for the State Normal league to accomplish, but its success depends upon the number as well as the efficiency of its members.

Are you interested in improving your state and uplifting your fellowman? If you feel no concern for these things your education is a failure, your character thwarted, and your moral nature almost extinct. But if you are interested mind and heart in these problems, come and help by joining the Consumers' League.

E. S., '15, Adelpian.

The name of the United Amateur Press Association is one which, unfortunately, is little known outside the circle of its ardent adherents. The more the pity, because its purpose, "To aid and encourage literary aspirants," is a splendid one. We would call your attention particularly to the word "aid", for this word is the keynote of the organization. United by the fraternal bonds of a single purpose, its members advance slowly but surely in the field of literary expression. The United Amateur Press Association is an organization which binds together all the amateur enthusiasts in the United States and Canada. Its purpose is: "To advance the cause of amateur journalism; to enable its members to place before the public their literary work; instruct them in literary work, and to encourage the formation of local press clubs." Let us enlarge upon these points a little. The first clause needs no explanation. "To enable its members to place before the public their literary productions." First, one's articles appear before the public of the organization in various little papers edited by the amateurs themselves. Let us digress slightly here and say that these are the most delightful little papers in the world. Delightful because of their wide range of subject matter and their charming por-

trayal of individuality. Through development gained in this organization, many amateurs grow to be artists in the vast literary world.

“To instruct them in literary work.” This instruction consists of two parts. The first is instruction by criticism, the second by incentive. This criticism, friendly and helpful, is given by the official board of criticism. As an incentive, four titles of laureateship are offered once a year for the best essay, editorial, story, and poem.

“To encourage the formation of local press clubs.” These clubs may be formed by as many as four members of the club, and do much toward keeping up the zeal of their members. How may one become a member of the organization? By filling out certain blanks, which may be obtained at room 50 Spencer, and sending these blanks to the secretary of the organization, along with fifty cents for a year’s membership fee, and, as a credential, some specimen of literary ability.

E. C. H. and E. C. A., '15, Adelpian.

On all branches of the Southern Railway yesterday leading from Greensboro every train was packed to its capacity with college girls and boys and the Greensboro passenger station from morning to night was filled with hundreds of cheerful-faced, homegoing young poeple. This scene was similar to those witnessed in Greensboro four times a year—twice when the students are returning to the colleges and twice when they are returning to their homes.

Every section of North Carolina was represented on the local passenger station yesterday among the crowds which were continually passing to and fro there. Indeed every county of the state, and well nigh every town of any size, had a representative in Greensboro at some hour of the day. It was purely North Carolina.

As Charles Duncan McIver once stated, the pulse of North Carolina could be felt throbbing at the Greensboro passenger station yesterday. Never could the pulse have throbbed with greater vigor, or indicated a flow of purer blood from fresher

hearts than was evidenced yesterday. All minds there were turned to some beloved home in some distant section of the state, to some section, to some circle of friends. Indeed, if someone had been searching for the thing which is "North Carolina" it would have been found yesterday at the Greensboro passenger station, for among many the one was found.

Every train that passed was crowded to its capacity, and even with the extra passenger cars the passengers were compelled to stand in the aisles. Several minutes were required in loading and unloading trunks. Students from every college in the state somehow found their way to the Greensboro passenger station yesterday either in passing through or in leaving Greensboro.

From the Normal College in Greensboro several hundred students left for their homes, and they go to every county in the state but three. All were happy at being released for the homegoing and from the college duties. All were anticipative of the fine times to be experienced during a happy holiday occasion. Faces were fresh and laughter permeated the entire scene of college girls.—*Taken from the Daily News, Dec. 20th.*





Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Gertrude Griffen, '13, Adelphian

The Sunday evening vesper services of the Y. W. C. A. have been as follows:

November 24th—Missionary meeting. Speaker, Dr. J. H. Wheeler, of Greensboro; subject, "What Christianity Has Done for the World". Soloist, Sadie Rice.

December 1st—Speaker, Miss Pearl Wyche; subject, "A Trip Through Palestine". Special music, a trio.

December 8th—Speaker, Judge Shaw, of Greensboro; subject, "A Full-Rounded Life". Soloist, Mrs. Sharpe.

The programs of the Wednesday evening meetings have been:

November 20th—Leader, Alice Phelps; subject, "Prayer".

December 4th—Leader, Miss Miller; subject, "A Consecrated Life".

December 11th—Missionary meeting. Leader, Lillian Crisp; subject, "Campus Spirit".

There have been several special services during the past month and these have been of unusual interest. The Thanksgiving service, which was held on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, was in charge of Miss Miller. Mr. Smith read several passages of Scripture and Dr. Foust presented Dr. Pell, of Converse College, who ably delivered the Thanksgiving address. Flossie Stout and Katherine Lapsley furnished special music.

On December 4th, at 5:00 o'clock p. m., Dr. Doughty, of the Layman's Missionary Movement, addressed the student body. Dr. Doughty is a powerful speaker and teacher, and inspired all who heard him with the need of deepening intensity in missionary effort. The Association is very grateful to Dr. Doughty for a gift he made our library of a copy of his latest book.

The two posters used during Thanksgiving week were given to the Association by Miss Fort and were the work of members of one of her classes.

The annual bazaar of the Association took place on Friday night, December 6th, with good results. Although the aim of \$100 was not reached, the \$73 which was made was gratefully received by the Blue Ridge Fund Committee. The committee wishes to express its thanks to the members of the faculty for their help.

The new mission clock which has been put up in the Bailey Memorial Room is a source of gratification to us all. This clock was obtained through the kindness of Mr. Hammel, to whom we are deeply indebted.

The morning watch services continue to grow in attendance and interest. Special services have been conducted by members of the faculty on Sunday mornings. The subject for the week of prayer, November 11th to 17th, was "Parables of Christ". The Sunday service was conducted by Miss Coit, who talked on "The Joy of Giving". The subject for the week November 18th to 24th, was "Home Missions—Our Country's Opportunity for Christ". The subject for the week November 25th to December 1st, was "Christ's Miracles of Healing". The Sunday service was led by Miss Greene. The subject for the week December 2nd to 8th, was "Wherein We Fail". The Sunday service was led by Miss Stanbury, who talked on "Frankness". The subject for the week December 9th to 16th, was "Representative Women of the Bible". Miss Anderson led the Sunday service.

The 1913 calendars which the Association has had made are very pretty. These calendars are now on sale at the stationery room.

The work done in the Bible and mission study classes has been unusually successful. The attendance on these classes has been unequalled in any year heretofore, and the interest has been unflagging.

The work of the other committees has been quite as successful as that of the Bible and mission study committees. The Student Volunteers held an open meeting on Sunday, November 24th. Miss Caudle was the leader; her subject was "China".



Society Notes

With the Adelprians

Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelprian

The literary exercises of the Adelprian Society for Friday evening, November 22nd, were given over entirely to the new members. The first part of the program was an impromptu debate by Mabel Patton, Ruth Albright, Ellen Rose, Clyde Deans, Alice Sawyer, and Gladys Ashworth. The debaters showed calm self-possession and remarkable ability to think quickly on this their first appearance before an audience here. The rest of the program consisted of pictures of popular songs. To the accompaniment of the songs, the following pictures were appropriately carried out:

School Days	Lucy Hatch and Kate Jones
Lonesome	Marie Norwood
Garden of Roses	Edwina Lovelace
Red Wing	Florence Hawkins
Merry Widow	Ethel Worth
Pony Boy	Effie Bradshaw
I'd Like to Live in Loveland with a Girl Like You	

Helen Brown

Garland of Old-fashioned Roses

Willie Gillon and Katherine Newby

Stay in Your Own Back Yard

Mamie R. Pollard and Rebecca Stimson

Day Dreams Margaret Cronly |

The Rosary Hilda Tarkington |

The Bridal Chorus Annie Smith |

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Laura Anderson and Emma Woodward

The Twentieth Century Girl Octavia Jordan |

On Friday night, December 13th, the new members of the society presented for the literary program a two act comedy, "Carrotty Nell". Carrotty Nell, the mischievous little red-headed leader of all pranks of the five orphans at the orphans' home, finds herself in temporary charge of the orphanage in the absence of the matron, who is suddenly called away on account of her uncle's death, and of the housekeeper who has gone to meet her lover. Before the departure of the matron, however, Nell is warned that guests are to visit the home and that she

and the other orphans must entertain them most decorously. Here she sees a chance to repay these visitors for all the sufferings that they have inflicted on the orphans in the past—the old maid with her endless questions; the “helpful gleaners” with their songs; and the “gushing society girls” with their desire to help “suffering humanity”. So on the visitors’ arrival, they are greeted by Nell disguised as the matron, and are informed that they must help her entertain a crowd of demented creatures who are at the orphanage. Much against their will, they are at the mercy of these apparent lunatics, who are none others than the orphans in disguise. In Nell’s words, they are given “a dose of their own medicine”. But, in the midst of the entertainment, the matron and the housekeeper return unexpectedly, and the “lunatics” again become repentant orphans. But good fortune awaits them. The matron, who has fallen heiress to a legacy, adopts two of them; the housekeeper, who has suddenly married, wants two to live with her; and a rich lady adopts Nell to be a companion for her little daughter:

The cast of characters was as follows:

Orphans:

Carrot Nell	Mabel Langenour
Primsey	Emmie Brown
Evalina	Aileen Boone
Janie	Iris Council
Cherrie	Marguerite Wiley
Miss Smith, the matron	Clyde Deans
Sarah, the housekeeper	Sadie McBrayer
Mrs. Cartwright, a wealthy widow	Elizabeth McCraw
Beth, her little daughter	Ruth Gill
Gladys Gale, a gushing society girl	Lucile Williamson
Charlotte Breeze, a gushing society girl ..	Lillie Parrish
Hebe, Beth’s German maid	Corinne Morrison
Miss Croker, a sour old maid	Frances Morris
Bella Slowe, a helpful gleaner	Catherine Lapsley
Ella Styffe, a helpful gleaner	Annie Somers

Cornelian Society

Verta Idol, '13, Cornelian

After the regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society on November 22nd, several of the new girls gave a miscellaneous program. Miss Pearl Hildebrand recited several selections; Misses Amelie Adams and Lillian Wakefield sang; Miss Margaret Petrie gave several violin numbers, and Miss Virginia Kendall gave several piano selections.

The program of the Cornelian Literary Society for December 13th consisted of a Christmas entertainment. Misses Lallah Daughety, Janey Ipock and Lillian Wakefield sang "Silent Night", after which Miss Lillian Wakefield sang a solo. Miss Sadie Rice, dressed as a little boy, sang "If You're Good", and announced the coming of old Santa. Santa Claus came in with his sleigh, which was drawn by his two reindeers, packed with the gift for the society. This was china, a present from the members to the society. He then opened a door and showed the brilliantly lighted Christmas tree which was loaded down with bags of fruit, candy and nuts; with the aid of his helpers and Mrs. Santa he soon gave each member a bag. After he had finished his work, the children who were with him sang several Christmas carols around the tree.





Among Ourselves

Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelphian

On the evening of the 25th and the afternoon of the 26th of November, the Daughters of the Confederacy held a Kirmess in the opera house. Representative dances of the nations were given. Sixteen of the Normal girls took part, at this time, in a beautiful Grecian dance. This dance proved one of the enjoyable features of the programme.

Saturday, November 23rd, was moving day at the Normal. All the Seniors were up bright and early, taking down pictures, packing up their belongings, and preparing to desert their temporary quarters. What creatures of burden they were as they tugged their heavy luggage up the rubbish hills surrounding Senior Hall. Suit cases, waste paper baskets, all things that would hold pictures and books, were called into service. By twelve o'clock "Uncle William" had moved the beds, and the girls had "done what they could". The afternoon was a weary wait for chairs, tables, trunks. At six o'clock the new dormitory was a perfect chaos of girls' belongings, workmen's tools, and the rubbish found in a new house. But the Seniors were happy. They were in their new home.

The Normal got its full share of benefit and enjoyment from the presence of the Teachers' Assembly in Greensboro at Thanksgiving time. On Wednesday, November 26th, all the County Superintendents came out to chapel. Hon. J. Y. Joyner, of Raleigh, and Hon. E. T. Fairchild, President of the National Educational Association, made short addresses. Dr. Foust announced that Friday would be a holiday, in order that the students might attend the meetings of the Assembly.

The regular Friday night session of the Assembly was held in the auditorium of the Students' Building. At that time Dr. G. S. Strayer, Professor in Teachers' College, Columbia University, delivered a very forceful address on "Vocational Training in the Schools".

After this meeting was over, the Faculty of the State Normal College gave an informal reception to the visitors. The guests were entertained in the Adelphian and Cornelian Society halls. Members of the Senior Class served coffee and wafers. The presence of a large number of old Normal girls went far in helping to make the evening pass very pleasantly.

There was a great deal of interest manifested in the inter-society debate which took place on Thanksgiving night. The query was: "Resolved: That the Governor of North Carolina Should Have the Veto Power under the same Conditions as that Exercised by the President of the United States." The President of the debate was Mildred Rankin; the Secretary, Eleanor Morgan. Willie May Stratford and Corinna Mial, representing the Cornelian Society, upheld the affirmative side of the argument. Kathrine Robinson and Lillian Crisp, Adelphians, had the negative side. The judges were Mr. Blair, of Wilmington; Mr. Allen, of Salisbury, and Mr. Walker, of Chapel Hill. Their decision was in favor of the negative.

On Saturday night, December 7th, the Junior Class gave the play, "Two Wagers and What Came of Them." The cast of characters was:

Earl of Hassenden	Margaret Smith
Sir George Sylvester	Sarah Perrin Shuford
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe	Lalla Daughety
Mr. Dent	Louise Bell
Mr. Castleton	Fannie Starr Mitchell
Mr. Devereux	Alice Robbins
Mr. Ward	Pattie Groves
Sir Robert Clifford	Fannie Robertson
Quilton	Effie Newton
Mills	Effie Baines
Servant	Ruth Gunter
Mrs. Fenton, aunt to Dorothy Fenton	Elsie House
Dorothy Fenton, betrothed to Lord Hassenden	

Eleanor Morgan

The Lady Urseda Barrington, sister to Lord Hassenden

Maud Bunn

The presentation of this play was excellent. Each person in it gave an appreciative interpretation of her part. The only regrettable thing about the occasion was that the audience was small. What it lacked in numbers, however, was made up in appreciation.

On December 11th the college was visited by a special legislative committee from Maryland, who made an all-day inspection of the buildings and grounds. The members of this committee were Congressman J. C. Linthicum, Dr. M. Bates Stephens, Superintendent of Education; Miss Sarah Richmond, principal of the present normal school; Andrew J. Cummings, a member of the State Legislature, and B. K. Purdum, Assistant Superintendent of Education. These people are making a study of Normal Colleges throughout the United States, preparatory to building a new normal school for Maryland. They seemed especially pleased with our science building and new dormitory.

On the evening of December 12th Mrs. Sharpe and Miss Mary Petty rendered a programme for the Woman's Betterment Association of the Glendale School. Mrs. Sharpe gave several musical selections and Miss Petty a very interesting talk on Scotland.

Hockey tournament ended on December 18th. Every game in it was hard fought. The final game was played between the Sophomores and Juniors, the class of 1914 coming out victorious, and so winning the cup. The First Preparatory team deserves credit for the excellent work it did. Although this is the first year this team has been in the field, it played in the next to the last game of the tournament.

The Waynesville Enterprise has the following to say of Dr. Gudger's work:

"An exceedingly interesting work from the pen of Dr. E. W. Gudger, a Waynesville boy who is 'making good' in the world of science, has just appeared in the Popular Science Monthly. Dr. Gudger has taken upon himself the too long neglected work of compelling the scientific world to render due honor to George Maregrave, the first student of American natural history. The paper is extremely interesting, the subject being handled with the ease and thoroughness peculiar to Dr. Gudger's work. By the way, this eminent educator is keeping step with other Waynesville boys who have gone out in the world and given us cause to feel proud of them, although the nature and quality of his work will probably win him greater appreciation from the next generation than from this."

The annual Sophomore-Freshman entertainment occurred Saturday evening, December 14th. The chapel of the Curry Building had been transformed for the occasion into a veritable garden of flowers, which made one forget that hard wooden benches had ever stood there. Here the "Red Carnation" held court. Presenting themselves before Her Majesty, was a representative of each flower with her chosen followers. As each representative came forward to present her claim, her attendants danced upon the stage with merry songs. Finally the queen passed favorable judgment upon the timid, modest violet, and her crowning closed the court scene. After this the "flowers" joined in revelry and dancing in the queen's garden. Then while the flowers made merry with their guests, delightful refreshments were served. After this, that there might be no drooping flower petals on the morrow, the queen declared the garden party at an end.

On Sunday afternoon, December 15th, at five o'clock Mr. Lovejoy, of New York, who is Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, addressed the students on the work of the Consumers' League in regard to child labor. His talk was very earnest and forceful. He made a deep impression upon all those students who were present.

For the last month we have been very fortunate in having excellent music at chapel on Fridays. Mr. Brown is making a special feature of this music. On Friday, November 29th, Miss Abbott played Chant Polonaise No. 5, by Liszt. In response to an encore she gave "To a Wild Rose", from McDowell. The next week another Liszt number, La Gondoliera, was played by Aileen Minor. On the 13th of December selections were given from Mendelssohn's Elijah. Miss Severson, soprano, sang "Hear Ye, Israel". "The Angel Trio" was rendered by Miss Severson, Mrs. Brown, and Miss Harris. Mrs. Brown then sang the contralto solo, "O Rest in the Lord".

The last two meetings of The Miscellany have been noteworthy. On November 30th Mr. Coon, of Wilson, gave a lecture, the theme of which was a history of education in North Carolina during the period when special taxes for schools were first being attempted in our larger towns. At the next meeting, on December 14th, Prof. Matheson gave an account of the current happenings of the past two weeks. He was followed by Dr. C. L. Raper, professor of Economics at the University of North Carolina, who talked on Taxation in our State. The live discussion which followed his address was an evidence of the interest he aroused in the minds of those who heard him.

On the afternoon of December 19th, the third of the Faculty Recitals was given in the First Presbyterian Church. This time the program was an organ recital by Prof. Wade R. Brown, assisted by Mrs. Wade R. Brown, contralto.

The following selections were given:

Sonata in C minor, No. 2	<i>Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy</i>
Abide With Me	<i>Samuel Liddle</i>
Mattigral	<i>James H. Rogers</i>
The Holy Night	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
"He Shall Feed His Flock," from Messiah ..	<i>George Frederick Handel</i>
March of the Magi	<i>Theodore Dubois</i>
Night of Nights	<i>Beardsley Van de Water</i>
Hallelujah Chorus	<i>George Frederick Handel</i>

As the audience listened to the beautiful Christmas music, the far-off noises of the street became "an indistinguishable roar". All the bustle and tumult of Christmas shopping, all vexing cares—all disquiet ceased in the quieting atmosphere of "Peace, Good Will to Men".



In Lighter Vein

Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian

Sophomore: "Are you going to root for our team this afternoon?"
First Prep.: "Sure I am. Mabel gave me her 'pendant' to wave."

A Second Prep., witnessing her first game of hockey, exclaimed to her companion: "I tell you, Haight and Kluttz are the best draw-backs I know of."

Freshman, growing excited over hockey game: "Why, what are they stopping for?"

Junior, tersely: "Sticks on a Senior."

Freshman: "Oh, is she hurt?"

D. A.: "I believe the Seniors would have won the hockey game this afternoon if Reeves hadn't been 'forward'."

W. W., indignantly: "She's one of the most modest girls I ever saw."

H. M., meeting on the walk a girl who was wearing a sweater, gave the following advice: "You'd better not let Dr. Gove see you without a coat. You know she said a sweater was an 'allusion and a snare'!"

A Sophomore's chemistry notebook recently contained the following definitions:

"A solid is something that 'pertains' its original shape no matter what kind of a vessel it's placed in."

"Combustion is rapid oxidation 'accomplished' by heat and light."

The Juniors, during their first experiences as gym. teachers, puzzled their classes with such commands as:

"In series, head backward raise, one, two!"

"Arms upward sink!"

"Back around face!"

"Feet raise and knees bend!"

"Lift right foot in the air and place left one beside it!"

S. H. wants to know whether "Clarissa Harlowe" was one of Shakespeare's characters.

To Math.

With Apologies to Shelley

I arise from dreams of thee,
 In the last sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low
 And the stars are shining bright;
 I arise from dreams of thee
 And a wild fear in my heart
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To pore over thee, apart.

S. S., Cornelian.

Bringin' in ther Kindlin'

W'en the evenin' ain't half done,
 An' you're havin' loads er fun,
 Pa, he calls an' says, "Boys, run!
 Time ter git ther kindlin' in!"

Terday, we wus er playin' ball
 Me, an Jim, an Bill, an Paul,
 W'en pa, he had ter come en call,
 "Time ter git ther kindlin' in."

Sometime I'm goin' ter run away
 Where I can play, an' play, an' play,
 En never hear my pa come say,
 "You'd better git that kindlin' in."

M. C., '15, Adelprian.

ORGANIZATIONS

Marshals

Chief—Meriel Groves, Craven County

Adelphian

Christine Rutledge ... Gaston County
 Gertrude Griffin Wayne County
 Ione Grogan Rockingham County
 Fannie Mitchell. New Hanover County
 Alice Robbins Caldwell County

Cornelian

Sadie Rice Craven County
 Margaret Mann Hyde County
 Hattie Motzno Wayne County
 Eleanor Morgan Wayne County
 Pattie Groves Richmond County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Students' Council

Meriel Groves President	Sadie Rice Vice-President
Lila Melvin Secretary	

The Miscellany

Lizzie Roddick, '13 President	Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14..Secretary
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Senior Class

Ethel Bollinger President	Nellie Johnston Secretary
Sallie Sumner Vice-President	Ruth Deans Treasurer
Ethel Keeter Critic	

Junior Class

Irene Robbins President	May McQueen Secretary
Elsie House Vice-President	Louise Jones Treasurer
Willie May Stratford Critic	

Sophomore Class

Louise Whitley President	Iola Bledsoe Secretary
Nola Wagstaff, Vice-President	Audrey Kennette Treasurer
Carrie Stout Critic	

Freshman Class

Sadie McBrayer President	Edwina Lovelace Secretary
Mary Cliff Bennett ... Vice-President	Hildah Mann Treasurer
Esther Mitchell Critic	

Y. W. C. A.

Pattie Spurgeon President	Mary Worth Secretary
Gertrude Griffin Vice-President	Bertha Stanbury Treasurer

Athletic Association

Lura Brogden President	Louise Whitley .. V-Pres., Sophomore
Corinna Mial V-Pres., Senior	Frances Summerell, V-Pres., Freshman
Fannie Robertson ... V-Pres., Junior	Anne Watkins Secretary
Edith Haight Treasurer	Lizzie Roddick Critic

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